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A Christmas Offering—Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, Thomas Dixon, John Rae, Dr. Frank Crane, Adrien Machefert, John A. Coughlin and Others

Current Comment Page

Dr. Frank Crane

The National Sunday Magazine Section

Motherhood Today and Yesterday

A Christmas Reflection

By Dr. Frank Crane

MOTHER! The subject reeks with platitudes. So does Love. So does Patriotism. So does God. For that matter so do all fundamental, vital subjects which, from age to age eternal, engage the thoughts and dreams of mankind.

The law holds, that any topic is of real and persistent interest to humanity in proportion to the amount of obvious, conventional and bromidic things said about it.

I dare therefore to take up this most hackneyed of themes and re-examine it. It is old, as water and air and sunshine and the Christmas spirit are old, but, like them, contains inexhaustible fountains of life-interest.

Let us plunge at once into the waters of sentiment. There is a poem which was in McGuffey's Fourth Reader, I think, that I studied in the little red school house of an Illinois town. I didn't appreciate it at the time. It implied a burden of experience of which a boy of eight or nine is incapable. But it has lain long in my memory, and with years has acquired a flavor of tenderness, as wine gets its bouquet by age. It was called "Rock me to Sleep, Mother," One verse ran:

"Come let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead tonight,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light,
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore.
Lovingly, softly its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother; rock me to sleep!"

This is doubtless not good poetry, judged by the standards of the university professor. It is not vers libre, nor Whitmanic, nor does there seem to be obscurity or soul-writhing or gripes in it enough to make it appeal to our present advanced state of culture. It is just a plain, undisguised drive at about the oldest emotion of mankind, the love for one's mother, and the surge of gentleness that rises when the recollection of her comes up from her form buried in the churchyard and the vision of her buried beneath the years.

BUT arising now in my memory it stirs the thought molecules significantly. Perhaps it will strike my brother-men likewise.

We dwell in cities. The women we meet are not as the women that we remember. They are society women, literary women, political women, shop girls, office girls, factory girls or stage girls, as our station and calling may lead us to encounter them.

The point is that very few of them nowadays are ordinary, old-fashioned mothers, and fewer and fewer of the girls are ambitious to become such.

I am in favor of woman's suffrage and the entire program of the emancipation of women from every arbitrary, custom-bound law, whether law in statute books or law of social convention, that restrains them from the same free self-expression that males enjoy. So don't misunderstand me.

But after we get past the first flush of our reform enthusiasm, which usually carries us farther than we intended, we shall have to back a bit to certain everlasting human verities. They move not, change not, but hold and govern humanity as the sun holds and governs the planets.

And one of the stablest of these immutable truths is the fixed relation of woman to man and to the child.

The typical woman is not unrelated. She is not the old maid nor the free companion of man's indulgence. She is the wife. That is nature. No voting can change it. By centuries of experiment humanity has settled it that monogamy is the only sex-relation that nearest satisfies the physical instincts and at the same time conserves and develops the spiritual life.

THE typical woman is also the mother. The only known way of bringing children into existence is through the woman's body, and the best known way of moulding a child's soul is through the soul of the woman that bore him.

There is no getting away from these manifest facts, nor can any kind of life that does not recognize them be normal.

The query then presents itself: Do the women of today realize what their most signal influence upon the life of the world may be? Are they not losing sight of the tremendous and indispensable part they play in contributing to the success of their children?

In other words, does the average mother, especially in our large cities, rightly value and discharge her responsibility toward her children?

Further, does not the whole net sum of the permanency and efficiency of a nation depend upon its mothers?

And is a race of children brought up in community camps, tended by expert hirelings, drilled, trained and socialized out of all natural affection, to amount to much?

The man who wrote "Rock me to Sleep, Mother" was not a spoiled, pampered child. The mother of him doubtless spanked him when he needed it. But when he grew up he forgot the spanking, and remembered only the infinitude of caresses he received, the passionate, individual love of which he was the object, and the lessons and ideals of that mother who adored him as no other woman ever can.

So when we face the modern problems of woman and consider her struggles to free herself from a lot of nonsensical hereditary bondage, we must also face the question of whether in letting go she will let go too much.

IT is not merely an issue of whether the old style of woman is to pass away; it is also to be pondered whether the old style of children is to pass away.

Is the time coming when men's hearts will not warm within them at such a bit of homely sentiment as "Rock me to Sleep, Mother?" Are we preparing future generations that shall think of mothers only as physical necessities and shall not look upon them as guardian angels, determining prophets of virtue, vicegerents of Deity?

When a man's mother dies it leaves a peculiar wound in him no other blow can inflict. He can get another wife. He can have many other woman-faces to cheer him. But when his mother goes he feels that the one unique woman-being of all this world or the next has dropped out of his life.

It is an old gushing spring of sentiment to be sure, but the world still quenches its thirst thereat. And from all new vistas and adventures the world turns again, as surely and as diurnally as the sun sets, to the Madonna vision—the Woman with the Child in her arms.

Frank Crane

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ALL WRITINGS AND ILLUSTRATIONS DONE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE NATIONAL SUNDAY MAGAZINE

PEACE ON EARTH

Kriss Kringle Surprises the Trenches

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN A. COUGHLIN

LIKE a condensation of purple shadows of the winter night the Boy slid over the edge and landed lightly in the trench. The men, busy with their boxes, hardly noticed him. There was tearing of papers and cutting of strings and ripping of cardboard going on; it was one minute after twelve on Christmas eve and the labels on the boxes read "Please do not open until Christmas," so, glad to obey any word coming from that remote, sweet-memory which one called home, they had waited patiently. Grouped in one end of the muddy trench, they glanced again and again at the boxes in the sheltered, dug-out place known as the "drawing room;" the boxes piled together to create an atmosphere of Christmas and home in "the Ritz-Carlton," as they named the sordid spot. They had waited, but a second past the hour when Christmas began, past midnight they would not wait; when Jemmy who held the watch under the dim swinging lantern spoke a word they sprang simultaneously.

"'Old on there," ordered Jemmy. "It's 'arf a minute yet. Wot's the reason you cahnt wait, you bloomin' babies? I was just warmin' you to—to——. Now."

One minute later, when the Boy wriggled like a great worm across the earth and slid into the trench, they were deep in tearing paper and ripping away cardboard and cutting strings.

"That little excursion done my 'eath good," the Boy announced. "Now, Hi want my boxes, my sons. Where's my boxes?" demanded the Boy, and someone shoved three at him.

"You're the favorite," said the Toff, and smiled. Mostly one smiled at the Boy.

"Yoong and charmin', 'e be," growled the big man from Yorkshire, friendlily.

"Ah! Take a squint at that now!" breathed Jemmy ecstatically and dragged out a gray wool sweater. "My wife knitted it, s'elp me, she did, with her own bloomin' fingers," he elaborated, and the men stopped a moment to consider the sweater. They were very cold, very often. A warm wool thing to go under one's uniform was worthy of notice. Then they went on investigating their own absorbing affairs.

"Sweets! Sausage! Chocolates! Soup in a tin! Hi'll never eat all this 'ere stuff, not if Hi don't get shot for a month," murmured the Boy. "'Elp yourselves, mates," and he reached the box across with one hand, stuffing his mouth full with the other.

"Hil!" shouted a man suddenly. "O'im gettin' a plum puddin'!"

There was a swift chorus of "Sh!" and a heavy hand or two on his shoulder. "Don't 'appen to know if we're fightin' the Germans or not, do 'ee, Hal!" inquired one. There was a lull for a long minute, while each listened, alert, if perhaps the shout would call out a shot from the enemy in the earthworks not two hundred yards away. The night was still; two hundred yards is not far, and suddenly across the open space floated to those British soldiers in the trenches the most unexpected sound on earth—a child's laugh.

"Wot t'hell!" murmured Jemmy, and a queer look came into his face, his tough, sharp keen-eyed face. "Wot's that?"

The Boy grinned. "That's it. I seen it."

"You saw what?" the Toff threw at him, and all the faces turned, inquiringly. "What did you see? What's the devil'try over there anyhow?"

The Boy stuffed a twisted stick of barley sugar into his mouth, incapacitating himself for language; his bright, reckless eyes laughed, glinting about on the men, halting over their Christmas presents, waiting for his answer. Chewing with elaborate emphasis, chuckling openly, he arrived at a possibility of speech.

"That's wot it is," he repeated. "I seen it—a kid. They've got a kid. They're playin' with it. I laid under cover of a bush and seen; one Dutchy was on all fours and the kid ridin' of him. The ruined barn, you know—they're back of that. They've got a bit of Christmas tree and a candle chopped into pieces stuck on to it. One chap cut buttons off his coat, he did, and hung 'em on the tree and there was a chap whittlin' a 'orse's 'ead on a stick. For the kid, see? They're 'idin' the tree from the kid. Goin' to 'ave it in the mornin', maybe. But they ain't got no food. I heard 'em say that; I know enough Dutch to understand that. They're hungry, them poor devils." He stopped a moment; his blue eyes gazed beyond the edge of earth above his head. "Nice little kid," he considered aloud. "Looks some like my kid brother, 'ome. Chunky, you know; got yellow hair. My kid brother's name's Tommy."

There was an arrest of silence through the group. Each man stayed as he had been, sitting, standing, bending over the boxes which had come so far, which had brought, it seemed, with other things unaccustomed softness of soul. Hal spoke:

"Oi've got a vast o' a plum puddin'," he remarked and sighed. "My word! Them poor devils is hoongry over there? Ah! Christmas eve and all."

"We got more bloomin' rations 'ere 'n we can eat in a month. Even if we don't get shot tomorrow," contributed the Boy.

"'Old your jaw about gettin' shot tomorrow, you tyke," ordered Jemmy irritably? "Say, tyke, wot size is the kid?"

"Well," reflected the Boy, "about ord'nary kid size. I fahncy. Well, don't-yer-know, three or five, I fahncy."

A man groaned. "I got a little chap like that, 'ome," he stated to whom it might concern. "'E'll be watchin' for Santa Claus tonight, will little 'Arry."

It seemed that the statement concerned most of them. They stared at him dumbly.

"Me too, mate," Jemmy said thickly. "Mine's a little gel."

Another voice spoke: "Wonder if the kid is hungry?"

"Oh, come now, that's a shyme—for a little 'elpless kid to be 'ungry," threw in Jemmy.

"Oi've a rare lot of plum puddin', ruminated Hal.

"Mar-ria!" Jemmy patted the proprietor on the shoulder. "'Ave you now? This 'ere beer's good enough," he interjected, and continued: "That's all right, old bird. You've your plum puddin'! We all got plum puddin'. 'Ceptin' the Dutchies. Hard on them poor beggars—Christmas eve and all."

The Toff broke the thoughtful silence which followed. "Look here, chaps," he began, "what's to prevent getting some of this stuff that we can't use to the men over there. I'll go with a white flag and I'll risk it they'll feel as friendly as we do."

"Christmas eve and all," put in the dolorous Yorkshireman.

They began presenting him with their gifts

"Yes—Christmas eve," the Toff repeated.

"The rotters 'll pot you," a man suggested.

"I'll risk it."

"No, you don't—see?" The Boy had sprung to his feet.

"Head down—head down!" the men cried softly; the Boy was tall; his head made a good mark, even by starlight, above the earth.

He bent. "Listen 'ere," he explained. "It's my bloomin' affair. I know the way. I'll slip across with the white rag," and he was tying the handkerchief on a stick. "I know Dutch—some," he added importantly. "I'll make them verstehen. We got Christmas presents for the kid's tree, and—and we want to play with their kid. That's wot?"

"That's wot, tyke," voices cried together. "Tell 'em it's Christmas—and they got a kid—and we sorter—wanter—see ha kid." The Boy, clambering on a man's shoulder to the edge of the Ritz-Carlton, was gone.

They listened anxiously enough, straining their ears to catch the sound they feared, the sound of a shot which would announce that the Boy's mission was a failure, and the Boy—— They were all fond of the Boy. After many minutes, here was the Boy back, sliding, long-legged, over the edge into the Ritz-Carlton again, grinning, pleased with himself.

"It's a go," he announced proudly. "We're to dodge over, and they'll be unholy glad of the food and we're to fetch anything we got for the kid's tree. They've passed the word along not to shoot. We can amble right across. It's Christmas you see; everybody is pleasant."

Between the trenches, where that afternoon the showing of a man's head would have meant quick death, a squad of a dozen Englishmen carrying, instead of rifles, odd shaped packages in their arms, marched casually to the German firing line. As they came a group of gray soldiers stood out in the starlight, dark against the sky, at the edge of the trench. Then there was low laughter and handshaking and words of greeting in broken English and in parlous German; then peace and good-will flitted back and forth between these men who had for weeks been trying to kill each other. The Britishers, grinning, presented their gifts of beer and candy and plum pudding and tinned soup, generous gleanings from the boxes.

"Hi fetched these 'ere for the kid's tree," cried the Boy gleefully. And the bearded Germans crowded to see as he opened a paper and exhibited a small wooden horse, trumpet and drum, military manikins, a little iron cannon, a tin automobile which wound up and a fearsome jack-in-the-box. "My gyurl sent 'em for a joke,

for to keep me cheery, she said," the Boy explained. "I fahncy it'll cheer me most to see your kid breakin' of 'em." Amid solemn guttural monosyllables of satisfaction, deep, "*Sehr schön's*" and "*So's*," the toys were handed over to a heavy fellow with a hawk nose, and gleaming, fierce eyes.

The man who spoke English best explained with gestures, in splintered Anglo-Saxon, how they had found a child that afternoon wandering close to the advance lines, shells bursting around him, quite unafraid, laying on his face as he saw the soldiers do, laughing at the game. How the one with the fierce eyes, designated by a jerk, had caught him up and run with him out of the "*schutzenfest*," and behold, the next thing, here were the men in the first trenches in possession of a child of four or so. Tomorrow they would hand him over to the Red Cross people, but meantime they had him, he was theirs—"*unseres kind*,"—it was Christmas and they meant to see that "our child" had as much of Christmas as possible. For the love, one might have read on each of the faces, of some little child back in Germany, each would do his best for this waif of the battlefield.

The visitors were guided behind the wrecked barn, where the light through its holes had first caught their attention and sent the Boy off investigating, and were shown the tree. With gestures of deprecation, with many explanations, with a good deal of pride after all, they were shown the tree. It was a little pointed fir, which Hans, the blond young German who laughed continually, who was about the Boy's age, had risked his life to cut down with a knife in the woods beyond and between the firing lines. There were candles on it, two long candles cut into short lengths and dotted here and there; there were brass buttons, which no soldier should have cut from his uniform, but which two or three had cut and hung up by bits of string; there was the silver paper saved from a past package of chocolate; it was torn into several pieces and made a fine showing twisted on the green branches in a dozen conspicuous places. They lighted the candles for a moment to prove to the visitors what a good tree it was; they had lighted up twice already in their satisfaction.

"ONE must be careful not to burn out the candles before we have the celebration for our child," spoke Hans, and showed his white teeth in his boyish smile.

And with that, behold Jemmy had had the inspiration to bring a great armful of red and white tissue paper from the parcels, with the gay seals and the shiny gilt cord and red ribbons, and there was laughter and interest as they planned how to make the most of it for the greater beauty of the tree. But the Britishers were restless, and the Boy voiced their restlessness.

"Ain't we goin' to see the kid, *nicht-wahr?*" he threw at Hawk-face, with the Boy's own winning brand of impudence.

Hawk-face fell before his charm; most people did. "*Ach-ja!*"

He slewed about and led the way into the German trenches. As he landed he turned and put up a finger to his lips and the big soldiers in muddy uniforms and heavy boots slipped, noiselessly down and deep into the earthworks, and stole after the leader into a manner of room, burrowed out under ground, where, on a heap of straw lay what seemed a pile of soldiers' coats. Two or three at a time tiptoeing up, they came close to the rough bed and bent to see; and then a miracle happened, for the lines of case-hardened faces softened so that each man's look was touched with a manner of glory as he stared at a round little head, at bright hair tossed unevenly across a rose-fresh face, at heavy lashes lying on flushed, sweet cheeks. More than one, turning away, saw the crowding soldiers behind him mistily. Some thought, perhaps, of a cradle as rough as this where a child lay on a night long ago and shepherds came to the door to peer in and a star stood over the place.

Silently they filed up again to the tree in the shelter of the ruined barn and set to work first to have supper and then to do wonders with Jemmy's Christmas paper. The heavy invoice of tobacco which had come in the boxes had been shared; everybody was smoking like a furnace.

"Nice little kid," the Boy reflected out loud. "Odd how he favors my kid brother. My kid brother's name's Tommy."

The Yorkshireman rubbed his face with the back of his hand and snuffed ostentatiously. "This 'ere smoke gets opp t' nose," he remarked. And went on irrelevantly: "Ma lad Jock's t' bigness o' 'ee. Wonder what 'ee's doin' t'noight, ma Jock? Wonder if oi'll ever——"

"You make me werry sick wid your wonderin'," cut in Jemmy. Think nabody's got a kid but you? You'll get us all"—an unsteady laugh broke across the sentence—"ye'll get us all to snivellin', and shyme us before t' Dutchies," finished Jemmy, a bit lamentably but bravely.

And Hal rose to the spur. "We'll do t' best we can for t' young 'un we're gettin', and thanks to our friends, t' enemy, for givin' us t' chance," he proclaimed, and business went on.

The night sped; what with tinned soup to enjoy, what with all the plum pudding one could stuff, what with drinks in reason and candles and cigarettes and pipes and even cigars, the time went on wings. It was three-thirty on Christmas morning when the harmony circle fell to at the task of trimming the tree. With the animal inside well fed, with the comfort of tobacco pervading them, the adventure of this midnight truce stirred them all not only to peace and good-will but to keen joy in the strangely made comradeship. The Boy and Hans the smiling had affiliated, were guying each other's speech, chuckling in a corner over their fancy work. Gray uniforms jostled brown in friendliness; many big fingers chopped and curled and folded the red and white paper into garlands; the Boy's toys were hung with infinite care where they would show the most in the dark green branches, and changed and hung again, with advice asked and given. One forgot that there was war, that one was living in trenches, that one was cold and sometimes hungry. One forgot that these stalwart fellows in gray were the men one watched for to shoot, the men one had been longing to get at with the bayonets. What—Hans—an enemy? And Hawk-face, decorating the tree there, with all his soul on the right swing of the paper garlands? Enemies? Why, these were the best fellows in the world; one talked to these men about little Annie and Harry and Tommy at home; yes, one even spoke of the children's mother, and how brave she was when the regiment marched away, standing on the doorstep and waving the flag and smiling—smiling, God bless her, for her man's sake, so that the man might go happy. And the gray men talked back in their thick, heathen tongue, but yet one could make out that they told of children at home.

"I want my men," the fresh tones demanded, "Je veux mes hommes"

"Gretel!" The big fellow measured with his hand, three feet from the ground, his hand flat, lingering in empty air as if it rested perhaps on a child's head. And "*Fritz—kleine Fritz*"—the hand went six inches lower, and a flood of throaty words came with the gesture and the man smiled and looked to see if the Englishmen understood, and shook his head disappointed, yet smiling. "*Fritz—mein kleine Fritz*," he repeated, and the Yorkshireman nodded suddenly at that.

"Jock, ma Jock," he said, and measured, he also, a child's height in air, and both laughed delightedly, and slapped each other's shoulders and, with that, grew suddenly quiet and grave for a moment.

The tree was done now and one could not resist the temptation of lighting it once more, just for a moment, just to be sure it was absolutely perfect. It was perfect—they all agreed as to that. "*Wunderschön*," and "ripping" and other adjectives in two languages settled that question. As to when to have it?

"It is not right to wake up children in the nighttime," Gustl, the father of five, laid down that aw "But yet——"

But yet, the situation was not as it might have been of a Christmas morning in the thatched farmhouse at the edge of the Black Forest, or in the tiny flat away out in the suburb of London. No. One ought perhaps to take one's Christmas tree in the trenches when one could get it. Daylight once here, one could never tell; they stared at each other unanswering, sadly.

Yet "It's a bloomin' shyme to wyke up the kiddy," Jemmy pronounced, and with that there was a sleepy, reedy, sound, much like the first bird of a summer morning.

"I want my men," the fresh tones demanded, and demanded it in French. "*Je veux mes hommes.*"

Rudolph, who was a clerk in Berlin and had travelled, understood and translated quickly; there was a general movement where, in the bottom of the muddy hollow, a small figure stood, dragging a soldier coat. The light of the candle shone on the gold head. Hawk-face was the first down. He snatched the little chap in his arms and held him up to Hans above.

"One gives him back to me when I come up; it is understood," he arranged before he let the child go.

THE others crowded around, gazing, laughing, whispering to the sleepy, smiling small face. It was a friendly little person, the waif, quite unafraid; he patted the big fellows as they surrounded him, patted their faces, some of them, as if they were big dogs and he their master. And a dumb love of him, of childhood, glowed in their eyes, much like the wonderful look one sees in a dog's eyes.

The Toff spoke French. He lifted the small hand gingerly and ventured "*Bon jour.*"

"*Bon jour, M'sieur*," the sleepy little voice answered dutifully, and with that the child caught sight of the tree and his smile dissolved in wide-eyed wonder, in rapture. "It's pretty," he whispered—"*C'est beau.*"

And then Hawk-face, repossessed of him, advanced, and the others followed behind till they all stood square in front of this marvel they had made, glittering, gay, sparkling with light. It *was* pretty. As pretty, the men thought, bursting with pride, as any tree they had ever seen at home. Lifting out of the vague shadows of the ruined barn, the starlight above it, the twinkling of the tallow candles, dancing back from the bits of silver foil, the long streamers of red and white paper, concocted with such patient care by heavy hands, swaying, a bit in a touch of light breeze, the Boy's toys showing up in splendor among the poor decorations—all this. And the little fir tree seemed to understand how its beauty meant things longed for but not to be had, and every little twig was lovely with all the loveliness of it.

It was Hans who suggested that it was etiquette to sing a carol before a Christmas tree. But what was there which two nations could sing together? The Toff knew. He hummed half a line and they all knew. In a moment the deep, beautiful voice, the wonderful voice which had been the Toff's undoing, lifted softly but clearly and voices all about swept through that river of (*Continued on page 591*)

A company of soldiers in greenish gray uniforms, with helmets of the pattern of the ancient Gauls swung suddenly into Broadway

THE FALL OF A NATION

A Story of the Conquest of America

BY THOMAS DIXON

Author of "The Birth of a Nation," "The Clansman," etc.
Illustrations by Adrien Machefert.

JOHN VASSAR read the announcement of her refusal to lead the Pageant of Peace with a secret joy. The leaven of his ideas had begun to stir the depths of her brilliant mind and pure heart! The defeats of the past were as nothing if they brought her again into his life.

He wrote her a long, tender, passionate appeal that he might see her again, and posted it at midnight on the opening day of the Jubilee. He had read of her resignation only in the afternoon papers. The managers of the ceremonies had taken for granted her approval and announced that she would lead the pageant of Symbolic Floats on a snow white horse as Grand Marshal.

Vassar waited with impatience for her answer the next day. If the mails were properly handled his letter should have reached her by noon. An immediate answer posted in Babylon at one o'clock might be delivered at Stuyvesant Square by six. He started at every call of the postman's whistle, but in vain. He was sure an answer would come in the morning. Nothing came. He put his hand on the telephone once to call her and decided against the possibility of a second bungling of his cause.

Instead he called the postoffice and learned that a congestion of mail, owing to the disorganization of the service by the Jubilee, had caused a delay of twenty-four hours in the delivery to points on Long Island.

He waited in vain another day. He walked alone through the crowded streets that night studying the curious contagion of hysteria which had swept the entire city from its moorings of an orderly sane life.

The din of horns and the shouts of boys and girls, crowding and jostling on the densely packed pavements, surpassed the orgies of any New Year's riot he had ever witnessed. Every dance hall in Greater New York was thronged with merrymakers. The committee in charge of the Jubilee, supplied with unlimited money, had hired every foot of floor space that could be used for dancing and placed it at the disposal of the social organizations of the city. Wine was flowing like water. The police winked at folly. A Saturnalian holiday was on for a week.

Vassar visited a dozen garish cafes and dancing rendezvous to watch the orgy at its height. Every seat was filled and surging crowds were waiting their turn at the tables. Hundreds of pretty girls, flushed with wine, were throwing confetti and thrusting feathers into the faces of passing men. The bolder of them were seated on the laps of their sweethearts, shouting the joys of peaceful conquest.

Professional dancers led the revelry with excesses of suggestive step and pose that stirred the more reckless observers to hysterical applause.

Vassar left the last place at twelve-thirty in the morning with a sense of sickening anger. The fun had only begun. It would not reach the climax before two o'clock. At three the revelers who were throwing confetti would be too far gone to sit in their chairs.

He drew a deep breath of fresh air and started up Broadway for a turn in the Park.

He paused in front of a vacant taxicab. The chauffeur tipped his cap.

"Cab sir? Free for two hours. Take you anywhere you want to go for a song. All mine on the side. Engaged here for the night. They won't be out till morning. They've just set down."

A sudden impulse seized him to drive past the Waldron mansion and see its illuminations. No doubt the place would be a blaze of light.

HE gave his order mechanically and stepped into the cab. His mind was not on the glowing lights or pleasure-bent crowds. He was dreaming of the woman who had taken him to that house a little more than two years before. Every detail of that ride and interview with Waldron stood out now in his imagination with startling vividness. His mind persisted in picturing the two corsetted young men who had stepped from the elevator so suddenly. He wondered again what the devil they had been doing there and where they came from.

Before he realized that the cab had started the river flashed in view from heights south of the Waldron estate. He had told the chauffeur to keep off the Drive, stick to Broadway and turn up Fort Washington Avenue which skirted the Waldron grounds.

To his amazement the great house was dark save the light from a single window in the tower that gleamed like the eye of some huge ogre crouching under the blue-black dome of night. The tall steel flag-staff on the tower had been lengthened to a hundred and fifty feet. Its white line could be distinctly seen against the stars. And from the top of this staff now hung the arm of a wireless station. Waldron had no doubt gone in for wireless experiments as another one of his fads.

Far up in the sky he caught the hum of an aeroplane motor. He leaped from the cab and listened. The sound was unmistakable. He had been on the Congressional Committee and had witnessed many experiments by the Army Aviation Corps.

"What the devil can that mean at one o'clock in the morning?" he muttered.

Returning to the cab he called to his driver: "Go back to Times Square and drop me at the Times Building—quick."

He made up his mind to report this extraordinary discovery to the night editor and try by wireless to get in touch with Waldron's tower.

The cab was sweeping through the roaring Forties of Broadway and the orgies within the cafes were at their height. The shouts and songs and drunken calls, the dash of dishes, the pop of corks and twang and blare of music poured through the open windows.

The cab suddenly lurched and rose into the air, lifted on a heaving stratum of asphalt. An explosion shook the earth and ripped the sky with a sword of flame.

The cab crashed downward and lit squarely on the flat roof of a low pitched building right-side up.

Vassar leaped out in time to hear the dull roar of a second explosion.

The first had blown up and blocked the Subway and Elevated systems. The second had destroyed the power plants of the surface lines.

It had come—the war he had vainly fought to prevent! And he knew with unerring certainty the hand and brain that was directing the first treacherous assault.

CHAPTER XVII.

VASSAR smashed the skylight of the low roof on which he had been hurled, reached the ground floor and kicked his way through a window. Cafes on both sides of Broadway were discharging half-drunken crowds of revellers into the street. The electric lights on the four blocks about the gaping hole had been extinguished and only the lamps on the side streets threw their dim rays over the smoking cavern.

The merrymakers were still in a jovial mood. What was one explosion more or less? It was a joke. A gas main had blown up; that was all. They took advantage of the darkness to kiss their companions and indulge in coarse jests.

A fat Johnny emerging from a near-by tango palace shouted: "Where was Moses when the light went out?"

A wag who was still able to carry his liquor to the street wailed in maudlin falsetto: "The queshion 'fore the house is 'Who struck Billy Patterson?' "

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A series of terrific explosions shook the earth in rapid succession, and the crowd began to scramble back into the banquet halls, or run in mad panic, without plan or purpose.

A company of soldiers in greenish grey uniforms with helmets of the pattern of the ancient Gauls swung suddenly into Broadway from a vacant building on a darkened side street and moved northward at double quick.

"In God's name, what regiment's that?" Vassar asked, half to himself.

A gilded youth, with battered hat slouched over his flushed face, replied: "Search me brother—and what's more I don't give a hoot—just so they turn on the lights and send me a cab—I've just gotter have a cab—I can't travel 'thout one—What t'ell's the matter, anyhow?"

Vassar left him muttering and followed the troops at a brisk pace.

They turned into Sixty-second Street, into Columbus Avenue, and poured through the doors of the Twelfth Regiment Armory that had been blown open with dynamite.

A sentinel at the corner stopped him.

"Will you tell me what Company just entered the Armory?"

The soldier answered in good English but with a slightly foreign accent.

"Certainly, sir—Company C, Twelfth Regiment of the Imperial Army of the Confederation of Northern and Central Europe, at present on Garrison duty in the City of New York——"

"How the devil did you land?"

"We've been here for months awaiting orders——"

He saw the ominous truth in a flash. The secret agent of Imperial Europe had organized a Royal Army and armed them at his leisure. The six months delay in the meeting of the Pan-American Congress was made for this purpose. They were all trained soldiers. Their officers had landed during the past three months. The Peace Jubilee was the mask for their movements in every great centre of population.

AT a given signal they had blown in the doors of every armory in Greater New York, disarmed the National Guard and mounted machine guns on the parapets.

In ten minutes machine guns were bristling from the corners of every street leading to the captured armories.

He saw again the picture of those big eases swinging into the old warehouse which Benda had discovered!

It was a master stroke! There were at least a million aliens, trained soldiers of Northern and Central Europe, living in the United States.

A single master mind could direct this army as one man.

He thanked God that his father and the girls were in the cottage at Babylon. He had sent them there to avoid the scenes of the Peace Jubilee. He was too cautious now to play into the hands of the enemy.

He made his way to a telephone booth and attempted to call the Mayor's house.

There was no answer from central. The telephone system was out of commission.

He hurried to a Western Union office to wire Washington. Every key was silent and the operators standing in cowed groups discussing, speculating as to the meaning of it all.

He hurried to the Times Building to try to reach the President by wireless and found the plant a wreck.

It was ten o'clock next day before the extent of the night's horror was known to little groups of leading men who had been lucky enough to escape arrest by the Imperial garrison.

Vassar, pale and determined, stood in the dim back room of Katzmeyer's saloon, speaking in subdued tone.

Scrap by scrap the appalling situation had been revealed.

A Federation of crowned heads of Northern and Central Europe had decided in caucus that the United States of America was the one fly in the ointment of world harmony. They determined to remove it at once, and to extend the system of government by Divine Right not only into South America, but North America as well. The great war had impoverished their treasuries. The money had flowed into the vaults of the despised common herd of the United States. They would first indemnify themselves for all the losses of the world war out of this exhaustless hoard and then organize the social and industrial chaos of the West into the Imperial efficiency of a real civilization.

The result would make them the masters of the Western World for all time. Their system once organized would be inviolable. The slaves they had rescued from anarchy would kiss the hand of their conquerors at last.

This was the whispered message a trusted leader had received from an officer half drunk with wine and flushed by the victory achieved in advance of the approaching Imperial fleet.

Their business was to arrest and hold as hostages every man of wealth in New York, guard the vaults and banks to prevent the removal of money, garrison and control the cities until the fleet had landed the Imperial army.

The completeness with which the uprising of royalist subjects had been executed was appalling. They had taken the trunk lines of every railroad in America. Not a train had arrived in New York from any point south of Newark, New Jersey, and no train from the north had reached the city beyond Tarrytown on the Hudson or South Norwalk on the New York, New Haven and Hartford.

A motorcycle reached New York from Philadelphia bearing to the Mayor the startling information that the Navy Yard had been captured, the Quaker City's transportation system paralyzed and that the Mayor had surrendered to the commanding General of a full army corps of twenty thousand foreign soldiers.

"Who the hell are you anyhow?" the captain asked

An automobile arrived from Boston with the same startling information from the chief city of New England. Not only had the Navy Yard at Boston fallen into the hands of the enemy but the Yard at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, as well.

Not a wheel was turning in the great Terminal stations of New York. The telephone, telegraph and cable systems were in the hands of the enemy. To make complete the wreck of the means of communication every wireless plant which had not been blown up was in the hands of an officer of the Imperial garrison.

It was impossible to communicate by wire, wireless or by mail with Baltimore or Washington, to say nothing of the cities further inland.

Hour by hour the startling items of news crept into the stricken metropolis by automobile and motorcycle messengers. The motorcycle had proved the only reliable means of communication. Pickets were now commandeering or destroying every automobile that attempted to pass the main highways. But one had gotten through from Boston. The motorcycles had taken narrow paths and circumvented the pickets.

Not only had the great cities and Navy Yards been betrayed into the hands of the invader, but every manufactory of arms and ammunition, and every arsenal had been captured with trifling loss of life. The big gun factory at Troy, the stores of ammunition at Dover, New Jersey, the Bethlehem Iron Works, the great factories at Springfield, Bridgeport, Hartford, Ilion, Utica and Syracuse were defenseless and had fallen. In short, with the remorseless movement of fate, every instrument for the manufacture of arms and ammunition was in the hands of our foes, locked and barred with bristling machine guns thrusting their noses from every window and every street corner leading to their enclosures.

The thing had been done with a thoroughness and lightning rapidity that stunned the imagination of the men who dared to think of resistance.

The only problem which confronted their commander was to hold what he had captured until the arrival of the fleet and transports bearing the first division of the regular army with its great forces of artillery, aeroplanes, and submarines.

Unless this fleet and army should arrive and land within a reasonable time, the overwhelming numbers of the populated centres, the scattered forces of the regular army of the United States and the National Guard, with the volunteers who possessed rifles would present a stubborn problem. The amount of dynamite and other high explosives yet in the hands of the people could not be estimated. The garrison which had captured the cities and the armories numbered over two hundred thousand trained European soldiers, but they were scattered from Maine to California.

They had yet to reckon with the regular army. The traitors had already found foemen worthy of their steel in the police force of New York. Its little army of ten thousand policemen had given a good account of itself before the sun had risen on the fatal morning of June seventh, 1918.

A force of five thousand reserves fought for six bloody hours to recapture the Armory of the Seventy-first Regiment at Park Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. They used their own machine guns with terrible effect on a regiment that had been rushed to assist the garrison inside. This regiment had been practically annihilated on emerging from the tunnel of the Fourth Avenue street car system at Thirty-third street. The police had received word that they were in the tunnel, placed their machine guns to rake its mouth and when the grey helmets emerged, they were met with a storm of death. Their bodies were piled in a ghastly heap that blocked the way of retreat.

BUT the men inside were invisible. Their machine guns and sharp shooters piled our bluecoats in dark heaps over Thirty-fourth street, Fourth Avenue, Thirty-third street and Lexington Avenue. At ten o'clock their commander determined to smash the barricade of the main entrance where the doors had been dynamited and take the armory or wipe his force out in the attempt.

In this armory had been stored enough guns for the new National Guard to equip an army large enough to dispute possession of the city. Behind the cases containing these rifles were piled five hundred machine guns whose value now was beyond estimate.

The Colonel of the regiment quartered inside knew their value even better than his assailant. The fight at the barricades was to the death.

When the firing ceased, there was no bluecoat left to give the order to retreat. Their bodies were piled in a compact mass five feet in height.

The police force of the metropolis was not defeated. It was simply annihilated. In pools of blood had been wiped out the jibes and slurs of an unhappy past. Not one who wore the blue surrendered. They had died to a man.

By a miracle the Brooklyn Navy Yard escaped the fate of the Yards at Boston and Portsmouth. The superdreadnaught *Pennsylvania* had not been assigned to the fleet dispatched through the Panama Canal to the Pacific. She had entered the basin to receive slight repairs. By a curious piece of luck her captain had refused shore leave to his men to attend the festivities of the Jubilee.

A premonition of disaster through some subtle sixth sense had caused him at the last moment to issue the order for every man to remain on the ship. The sailors had pleaded in vain. They had turned in, mutinously complaining of their superior officer as a tyrant.

The explosions which wrecked the doors of the armories and paralyzed the (*Continued on page 592*)

Peace on Earth

(Continued from Page 588)

sound—lowered as Hawk-face had warned them—till it was like an organ with many stops, with the soft pedal down.

"Silent night! Mystical night!
Kings and seers sought thy light,"

sang the Englishmen; and the deep German tones flowed in:

"Stille nacht! Heilige nacht!"

sang the Germans, and there was a vision in their eyes as they sang, a vision of home and remembered faces and voices which some of them would never hear again. The Toff, staring through the tree lights, saw an old church in England; saw his father in his surplice white against the Christmas greens; heard his father's voice reading the Christmas lessons; felt his mother's shoulder against his. God! How plainly it all came back! Lost, lost!

Silent night! Hallowing dawn!
Far and wide breaks the morn!
Breaks the day when the Savior of men,
Bringing pardon and healing again,
Holy, harmless and undefiled,
Cometh—a little child!"

A star pulsed in the eastern sky; pale mist of dawn crept dimly over the landscape, over vague outlines of earthworks, and camps in the far distance; over still figures lying out on the plain; over the battlefield. It was Christmas morning.

HAWK-FACE, as he set the child on the ground, kissed him unahashed, and with that they began presenting him, one and all, with their gifts, the things they had made out of paper and sticks, and those glorious windfalls, the Boy's toys. Laughing, whispering in three languages they made him free of his tree, and if the eyes that see make beauty, no tree in any country that morning was more fairly beautiful. It is no news that if one gives a child an intricate mechanical toy, worth twenty-five dollars and a painted wooden monkey on a string worth as many cents, he is likely to prefer the monkey. The "trailing clouds of glory" of childhood glorify what they touch, and artificial values are nothing. The starry eyes were wide with an almost solemn joy, and the big uniformed fellows who crowded about the little chap eagerly offering this and that to his notice had forgotten every thing else and were children with him; to child and to soldiers the poor little tree seemed lovely beyond desire.

A chilly breeze of dawn touched them; the sturdy small figure shivered a little; Hans had his coat off quickly and was pushing the boy into it with awkward gentleness.

"'Ere you hloomin' haythen," Jemmy threw at him "you'll tyke cold and have a headache and break the Colonel's heart. Put this on, you substrook yoong bantam."

Jemmy had not been detached from his gray sweater one moment since its arrival. He had buttoned it under his belt for the visit to Germany, and there it had stayed. Hans understood little of the remarks that came with it, but he caught it, laughing, and, laughing more, slid his slim arms into it and his curly tow head came out rumpled and childish through the top.

"Mind, you're to give it back, that's wot," admonished Jemmy.

And with that attention was commended by an undisguised shout from the child, receiving at this moment the toy horse. "I wanted it! I wanted it!" he cried in carrying tones. "*Maman* said our baby was my Christmas present—*cadeau de Noel*—hut me, I wanted a pony—me." He hugged the black, skin-covered block of wood in rapture, the small face going scarlet with the effort and the joy. "I like hetter a pony than a baby," he announced happily, and hugged again. "Oh horse, thou art so nice," he murmured lovingly in his native tongue, and was oblivious of life. Rudolph, the interpreter, translated rapidly, and the men laughing, bending over him, hushing him, smoothing his hair, were entranced. So entranced that they heard no sound of steps till a voice demanded suddenly:

"What does this mean?"

They faced about, startled, saluting, to the Captain, ominous in the gray light. Hawk-face the corporal was nearest, and the child, close to him, put an arm about his leg, pressed his head against him. The respectful voice of Hawk-face, stammering, stopped a mere second as the child did that; one saw the Captain's eyes flicker to the bright head. He listened to Hawk-face.

"Very well," he announced shortly. "It is Christmas; one makes allowance. But these men,"—he nodded at the Englishmen—"must go back at once. And the child must be sent to the ambulance station at daylight."

He spun around, took three steps, spun back. They stood staring at him motionless; the Christmas dream was over. The child, his head in the hollow of Hawk-face's arm, stared too.

"Come here to me," ordered the Captain. In Han's coat, the long sleeves hanging far below his hands, he came, smiling, not afraid; came up very close to the dignity and the epaulets and the soldierly figure,—and held up his face to be kissed. The Captain turned purple; the lines around his mouth worked; as if compelled, he bent and kissed the boy.

The Captain did not look so very stern now. He looked young and human, not merely an official screw in a great machine.

"One is wearing the right uniform, I notice,"—and Hans breathed more freely. The Captain, pushing back Han's sleeve, took the little fist, and moved it up and down in a manner of caress. *Wie heisst Mann*—what is one's name?" he demanded gravely, and the boy rippled delicious laughter at the German sounds. The Captain went on in French, "Did you have a fine tree?"

"But yes," agreed the lad. "My men gave me many presents. Look at my horse." He held it up. "Would you like to play with it?"

The men, crowded together ten paces away, listened breathlessly. A few understood the words, all followed the thread of this remarkable conversation.

The Captain examined the horse. "A good animal," he pronounced. "I have a little boy at home who would enjoy seeing it."

"I wish your little boy would come and play with me," the lad spoke wistfully. "But no," he went on quickly and lifted a small forefinger. "You must not let him come now. There's a war."

"So?" inquired the Captain.

"But yes—*Mais oui, Maman* makes me pray every night that it will stop. Oh—I did not pray last night—isn't that a joke? My men did not tell me to. I think they forgot. So now there will be a war for another day."

"Yes, for another day," the Captain agreed.

With that he stopped, put his hand under the small chin and turned the fresh face upward and stared with fierce intentness, as if he were trying to see something in the eyes—the face of another child perhaps whom he might not see again.

"I'm glad you had a good tree," said the Captain. "Corporal!" Hawk-face saluted. "Take the best care of him and see that he comes safely to the ambulance station."

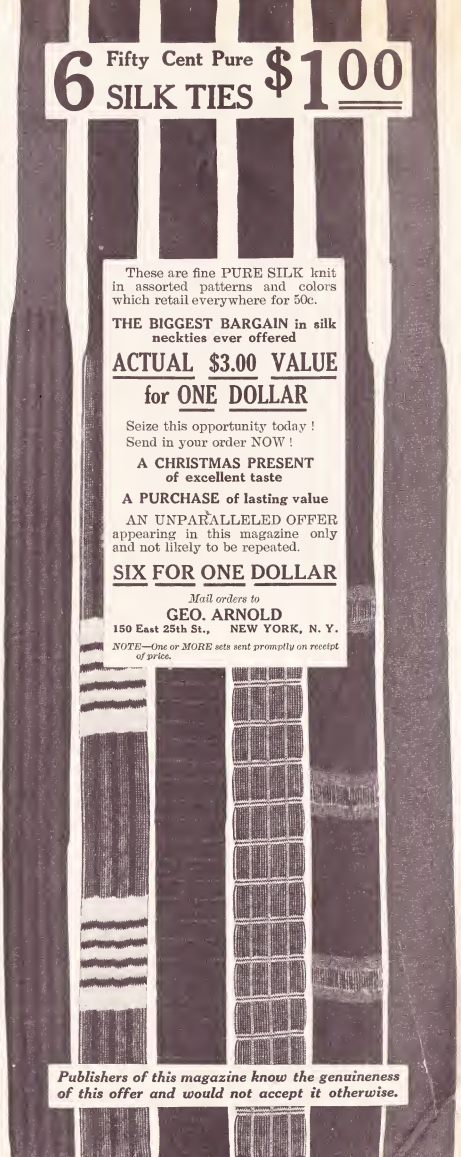
"Yes, sir." And then, "You don't need to tell us to take care of him, sir," Hawk-face ventured.

The Captain smiled. "Very good." And added, lifting his head towards the group of soldiers, "As merry a Christmas as may be to you, men"—and was it possible that his glance took in the brown uniforms as well as the gray?

In any case the chorus which came like a thunderclap of strong voices was made up distinctly not only of "*Danke schoen*," but of "Thank you, sirs." The Captain was gone.

TEN minutes later a squad of English soldiers marched leisurely across the frozen field in the early sunlight and dropped quietly into the allied trenches. They stared at each other blankly. "Seems like a bloomin' fairy story, don't it?" the Boy voiced their mental attitude. "S'elp me Gawd, I don't want to be pottin' them fellows."

(Continued on Page 598)



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The Fall of a Nation

(Continued from Page 590)

traffic of the city found the captain of the *Pennsylvania* awake pacing her decks, unable to sleep.

When the division of the Imperial Guard assigned to storm the Yard rushed it they ran squarely into the gun of the big grey monster whose searchlights suddenly swept every nook and corner of the enclosure.

In ten minutes from the time they dynamited the gates and rushed the grounds the shells from the *Pennsylvania* were tearing them to pieces and incidentally reducing the Navy Yard to a junk heap.

When the Yard had been cleared, the captain landed his marines, searched the ruins and picked up a wounded officer who, in sheer bravado, cocksure of ultimate victory, gave him the information he demanded.

"Who the hell are you anyhow?" the captain asked.

"Lieutenant Colonel Harden of the Sixty-ninth Imperial Guard of the American Colonies——"

"Colonies, eh?"

The young officer smiled.

"From tonight, the United States of America disappears from the map of the world. It will be divided between the kingdoms comprising the Imperial Federation of Northern Europe. England and France are yet poisoned with your Democratic ideas. They have remained neutral following your illustrious example in the world war. We don't need them. Our task is so easy it's a joke. You have my sympathy, captain. You're a brave and capable man. You would do honor to the Imperial Navy. You surprised me tonight. I was informed—reliably informed—that you and your men were celebrating the reign of Universal Peace——"

"Who is your leader?"

"A great man, sir, known in New York as Charles Waldron. The Emperor in command of the forces of United Europe has been informed already by wireless that America is in his hands. Tomorrow morning this leader's name will be, Prince Karl Von Waldron, Governor General of the Imperial Provinces of North America."

"So?"

"I advise you, captain, to make the best terms you can with your master."

"Thank you," was the dry reply.

The captain dispatched a launch to Governor's Island reporting to Major-General Wood the remarkable information he had received. His guns had already roused the garrison. The launch met that of General Wood at the mouth of the basin.

The two men clasped hands in silence on the deck of the *Pennsylvania*.

"The first blow, a thunderbolt from the blue, General—without a declaration——"

"A blow below the belt too—a slave insurrection is honorable war compared to the treachery that would thus abuse our hospitality!"

They tried the telephones and telegraph stations in vain. A council of war was called and through the grim hours from two a. m. until dawn they sat in solemn session.

CHAPTER XVIII

VASSAR'S committee of public safety in the rear room of Katzmeyer's saloon grew rapidly into a recruiting stand for volunteers.

Before twelve o'clock the beer garden was packed with hundreds of excited followers eager to fight. Scarcely a hundred of them had permits to carry revolvers. This was the limit of their armament. A few had secured sticks of dynamite from builders.

While they talked and raged in stunned amazement over the situation, a newsboy's hoarse cry of extra startled the meeting. The morning papers had all gone to press before the blow had fallen.

"Get a paper—quick!" Vassar cried to Broski, his district leader.

The familiar call of two newsboys yelling from each side of the street could now be heard. This time their words were clearly heard above the din.

"Wuxtra! Wuxtra!"

"New York City captured!"

"Proclamation of Prince Karl Von Waldron!"

"Wuxtra! Wuxtra! Wuxtra!"

Broski returned with copies of the *Herald, Tribune, Times, World, Sun*, and *Press*.

Each had issued a morning extra.

On the front page in double-leaded, black-faced type surmounted by an Imperial Coat of Arms supporting a crown, the proclamation of the new Governor General was printed:

"TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES:

"Your Republic no longer exists. The invincible fleet of the Imperial Federation of Northern and Central Europe is now rapidly approaching New York. One transport ship which it guards, bear the first division of the Imperial Army of Occupation, one hundred and fifty thousand strong.

"The chief cities of the country have already surrendered to my garrisons of two hundred thousand veteran soldiers. Under my immediate command in Greater New York are fifty thousand soldiers—twenty-five thousand infantry and cavalry and twenty-five thousand men equipped with eight thousand machine guns.

"We are here to preserve order, guard your property and deliver the first city in America intact to the Commander in Chief of the approaching Imperial Army.

"All saloons are ordered closed until opened by license of the new government. All assemblies in schools, churches, theatres, public halls or on the streets or parks are forbidden under penalty of death.

"All persons found with firearms, explosives, or weapons of any kind which might be used in war or for the purpose of rioting, will be given until noon tomorrow to deposit the same in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory, Park Avenue and Thirty-fourth street.

"After that hour the penalty for any citizen, male or female, caught bearing arms, will be instant death and the confiscation of property.

"All automobiles, motor cars, bicycles, and horses are hereby proclaimed the property of the Imperial Government and it is forbidden under penalty of death for any person save a soldier in royal uniform to use them.

"The railroads will be opened for traffic under Imperial control within forty-eight hours. No uneasiness need be felt therefore that your food supply will fail. The subways and surface lines will be ready for use within twenty-four hours

SYNOPSIS—John Vassar, Member of Congress from New York and Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, attends a big suffrage rally in Union Square and hears Virginia Holland and her sister champions declare against American preparedness for war. The young Statesman falls in love with Miss Holland on sight and seeks an introduction. They meet; he scores her home, debates current issues with her; and a meeting for the next day is appointed. She accompanies him to a great Flag Festival and is amazed to witness an enthusiastic army of women and children being drilled by Vassar in the fundamentals of American patriotism. He agrees, with deep misgivings, to call with her on Charles Waldron, multimillionaire opponent of military preparedness and advocate of woman suffrage. Flatly defying Waldron, he is threatened with political ruin. Virginia returns with Vassar from the conference and invites him for a week-end at the Holland country-house on Long Island. Giving way to a mad impulse, Vassar declares his love, embraces, kisses her passionately and rouses her fury. Re-elected to Congress he makes a memorable speech of warning to the nation. His bill is defeated. Waldron proposes marriage to Virginia Holland and is rejected. Two years pass and the European war comes to an end. At the great Peace Parliament at the Hague the President of the United States is openly flouted by the royal delegates. Waldron arranges a national Peace Pageant in U. S. A. to celebrate the cessation of hostilities.

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—smallest in the world—just 3/16" in size. Enameled in the National colors, following in detail the design of OLD GLORY itself. Made in screw-back (actual size illustrated) and inserted in material of dress or lapel and tightly screwed. Leaves no hole. *Send for "MIDGET" Emblem Catalog.* FREE.

GOLD-PLATED 25c
SOLID GOLD 50c

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Cards, circulars, book, paper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for catalog of presses, TYPE, cards, samples. The Press Co. Meriden, Conn.

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100 PAGE FREE DATA BOOK by recognized authority—tells how to avoid costly errors—get 100 per cent. hatches—highest market prices. Save money on guaranteed incubators and brooders—get rock-bottom prices. Book in big demand—write today—it's free.

Model Incubator Co., 31 Henry St., Buffalo, N.Y.
Also 39 Barclay Street, New York City

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Five-piece gift set neatly boxed; 1 large bath towel, 2 guest towels, 2 face cloths, white with blue or pink border, finest quality turkish toweling. Set $1.35. For 15 cents we will send you a pink, blue or lavender latest novelty Embroidered Handkerchief.

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Play "World War" Newest of all games. Full of fun and excitement. The whole family can play. Send $1 and get this new game. An ideal Xmas gift.

INDIANA GAME CO., Box 2, Sta. A, Evansville, Ind.

"All persons are ordered to resume their usual occupations tomorrow morning at daylight when the means of transportation have been restored.

"Resistance of any kind will be absolutely futile. The President of the United States and his entire Cabinet are prisoners of war and your capital, duly guarded, is in my hands. Your fleet is in the Pacific and I have destroyed the locks of the Panama Canal.

"The Imperial Government earnestly desires that all bloodshed be avoided. We have the best interests of the people at heart. We will establish for the first time in your history a government worthy of this nation. My imperial Master will treat all loyal subjects as his beloved children. His foes will be ground to dust beneath his feet. For these no quarter will be asked, none given.

"I have already caused the arrest and imprisonment of the following well-known citizens to be held as hostages for your good behavior:

J. P. Morgan, Jacob H. Schiff, John D. Rockefeller, Theodore Roosevelt, Charles F. Murphy, Andrew Carnegie, George Gould, Vincent Astor, Charles M. Schwab, Cardinal Farley, Colonel Jacob Rupert, T. C. DuPont, Nicholas Murray Butler, Paul M. Warburg, John Finley, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, James E. Gaffney, Ida Tarbell, Norman Hapgood, William Randolph Hearst, Judge Whitman, Frank A. Munsey, Henry Morgenthau, Elihu Root, Katharine Davis, John Wanamaker, Dr. Parkhurst, Thomas A. Edison, Colonel George Harvey, Douglas Robinson, John Hays Hammond, Alton B. Parker, Theodore Shonts, William Dean Howells, Samuel Gompers, August Belmont, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, Judge E. H. Gary, Cornelius Vanderbilt and all the judges of your city and state courts within the limits of Greater New York.

"Your great churches, your municipal buildings, your great commercial houses have all been mined. At the first outbreak of rebellion, your hostages will be shot and your city reduced to ashes.

"In the name of my Imperial Master I command the peace.

(Signed)

PRINCE KARL VON WALDRON
Governor General of the Provinces of North America."

"New York, June 7, 1918."

Vassar read this remarkable proclamation aloud amid a silence that was strangling. He opened the papers and glanced at the editorial columns. It was as he feared. A free press in America no longer existed. Waldron was dictating every utterance from his tower on the heights of Manhattan.

Each paper earnestly appealed to all citizens to refrain from violence and to make the best of their situation until intelligent advice could be given after a sufficient time had passed for reflection and conference with all parts of the nation.

Vassar mopped his brow and groaned.

"Well, boys," he began, "we must give them credit for doing a thorough job. They don't bungle, they don't muddle, they don't leave anything to chance. They've got us for the moment. There's but one thing to do, submit——"

"No!—No!" came the angry growl.

Vassar smiled.

"Submit for the present, I was trying to tell you, until we can find the nucleus of an army to support. He didn't mention our forts, or our little army. They failed to get those forts from the rear, and they're intact. There are half a dozen battle ships somewhere on the Atlantic side. The main fleet can not reach us within a month, but the ships that are here with two dozen efficient submarines and aeroplanes will be heard from before that army lands——"

"That's the talk!" Benda cried. "We're all Americans, signor!"

"Ya, gov'nor!" Katzmeyer whispered. "This is *my* country now—I fight——"

A boy of eighteen, smeared with dirt and mud pushed his way into the crowd and thrust a note into Vassar's hand.

"In God's name, Billy!" the young leader cried. "What are you doing here?"

The boy saluted.

"My duty, sir. When I heard what was happening I reported to General Wood. I'm on secret dispatch work——"

Vassar gripped the boy's hand, dropped it, tore the letter open, read it hastily and turned to the crowd:

"Now men listen! The forts are intact. General Wood appoints me on his staff with the rank of Colonel. He is establishing his headquarters at Southampton, Long Island. The *Pennsylvania* has slipped to sea and is gathering our fleet. She has picked up wireless messages which lead her to believe that the landing will be made at that point. Our little fleet is getting ready for the fight. I want every man who can find a gun to hustle over to Jamaica. The army holds the Long Island Railroad from Jamaica. Trains are now waiting for you there. They can't begin to enforce that proclamation until their army lands. The garrisons here will stick to the armories and their machine guns until reinforced——"

A suppressed cheer swept the crowd. Vassar lifted his hand for silence.

"Now I want volunteers to take this order to every election district in New York——"

"Si! si! signor," Benda cried. "Angela and my bambino—they go too—I play the guitar and shout for the Emperor. Angela she get the piano, beat the tamborine and play for the soldiers. We get the word in the danger places, quick!"

"Good boy!" Vassar exclaimed. "I'll send you where the others might fail——"

In rapid succession he sent his five hundred followers through the city bearing the whispered word to every district. When the last man had hurried away he turned to Billy.

"Your sister and the children?"

"Virginia's gone to a mountaineer's cabin in the Adirondacks—left the night the Jubilee began——"

"No wonder she didn't reply——" Vassar muttered.

"She'll be back here in double quick time though when she hears of this. You k n o w Virginia's got no c o m m o n sense——"

"And the kids?"

"I took Zonia and Marya over to our house. The old man and your father're with them. They've a couple of shot guns and two revolvers. They're all right."

Vassar smiled grimly at the boy's faith.

"Report to General Wood that I will reach Jamaica within six or eight hours and that he may expect twenty thousand men to be there before nine o'clock tonight—how'd you get here?"

"Hid my bicycle in Brooklyn and walked across the bridge——"

"I'll follow suit. I know where I can put my hand on a good bicycle or two at the Athletic Club——"

Billy saluted and hurried on his mission.

At nine o'clock, the Jamaica terminal was jammed with forty thousand volunteers armed with every weapon conceivable from a crowbar to a yacht cannon. A sailor had actually smuggled an old brass saluting piece into a ramshackle automobile and gotten into the station with it. These relics from the ark were left in the basement of the terminal.

General Wood had succeeded in getting sixty thousand rifles from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, Governor's Island, the forts and one uncaptured armory in Brooklyn which the guns of the *Pennsylvania* had torn open and held until occupied by his troops.

All night the volunteers from Brooklyn and New York streamed into Jamaica. Before daylight a hundred thousand men were struggling to board the trains for Southampton.

Only fifty thousand were allowed to leave. There were no more guns. The remaining fifty thousand were held as reserves with such weapons as they possessed. Guards were placed defending the approaches to Brooklyn and New York and a camp established for drilling and training the raw recruits into the semblance of an army.

The news of the gathering of the defenders of the metropolis had spread like a great contagion.

(Continued in our next issue)

HOW TO PRONOUNCE THEM

For the information of war-inclined readers we print the following table of pronunciation.

Xyrousspucbiurj,	pronounced Yuhs-hkdhsg-hsg-hgx-l.
Hbcdhkhfgeu,	pronounced Lawyug-fhfs-ing-yyz.
Zygfr,	pronounced Gsfx-fy.
Vitckafdhkzzyprl,	pronounced Vod-ka.
Grkamamatveitch,	pronounced Dsanmco-go-bombski.
Boobmf,	pronounced Boobmf.

"Why am I slowing down?"

—and then you sit and wonder why—when the wonder is that you have kept the pace so long. For the rush of business with its countless worries falls indeed heavily on a man's nervous system.

Perhaps you have slowed down a little from *exhaustion* of the system's forces. But once the nerves have been restored to vigor and the whole system *revived*, recharged with a new store of energy, the old-time endurance, the old-time capacity to accomplish will return.

And it is giving this welcome help to the overworked nerves that

Sanatogen
THE FOOD-TONIC

has won so many friends. Both a *food* and a *tonic*, Sanatogen feeds and *rebuilds* the impoverished cells and tones up the system, infusing new strength into blood and tissues.

Hon. Robert F. Broussard,
U. S. Senator from Louisiana, writes:

"I am convinced from personal experience that Sanatogen nourishes the nervous system, thus stimulating the mental faculties and increasing one's capacity for sustained work."

Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P.,
the eminent novelist-statesman, writes from London:

"Sanatogen is to my mind a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy and giving fresh vigor to the overworked body and mind."

And scores of other famous people, leaders in the world's activities, have written even stronger letters than these. So when you think of this, and the letters of commendation from more than 21,000 doctors endorsing Sanatogen—surely you cannot deny yourself such welcome and undoubted help!

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere, in 3 sizes, $1.00 up.

Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913

Send *for Elbert Hubbard's new book*— "Health in the Making." Written in his attractive manner and filled with his shrewd philosophy together with capital advice on Sanatogen, health and contentment. It is FREE. Tear this off as a reminder to address

THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO.
26L Irving Place, New York

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Exclusive Columbia Records by Bonci, Destinn, Zenatello, Bispham, Fremstad, Cavalieri, Garden, Slezak, Constantino, and a hundred more—in the selections you like best from the best-liked operas.

And when you are in the mood for a great overture or symphony, you can listen to the masterpieces of great composers of every age, faultlessly played by the wonderful Columbia Orchestra.

Or if some great violinist like Ysaye appeals to you, you may hear any one of the compositions he has made famous on the concert platform — wonderful recordings, characteristic of all those made by this supreme master of tone exclusively for the Columbia.

In every class of instrumental music this same Columbia exclusiveness and supremacy holds good. Beautiful trios of harp, flute and violin — quartets, duos, ensembles of brass, wind and string; scores of perfect recordings in classical and popular music are yours on Columbia records.

A Columbia Grafo

Yes—but *today* is th

In just another day you might be too late to buy that one most important gift. You are lucky, indeed, if your dealer can still supply you with your Christmas Grafonola!

May we suggest that you will have cause to congratulate yourself if you call at once upon the Columbia dealer nearest you? He will give you every facility in selecting your instrument, and will play as many records for you as you care to hear, to assist you in selecting your first outfit of records.

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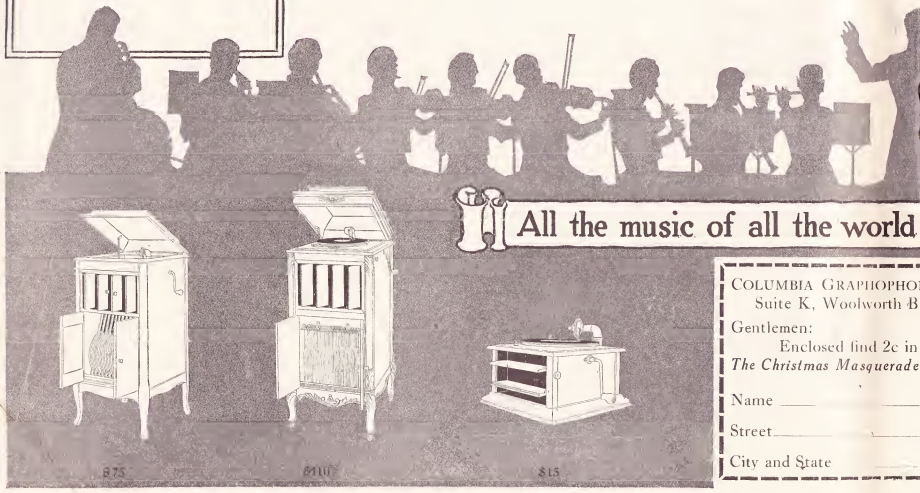

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Send for this reproduction in colors of "The Christmas Masquerade"

The beautiful painting that appears on the front cover of this magazine—"The Christmas Masquerade" by John Rae—has been reproduced in all its brilliant colors on heavy art paper, free from all advertising matter. The reproduction measures 9 inches by 9 inches. A copy of this picture is yours just for the asking. All you have to do is to fill out and send in the coupon below, with a 2-cent stamp to cover mailing, and we will send the picture along.

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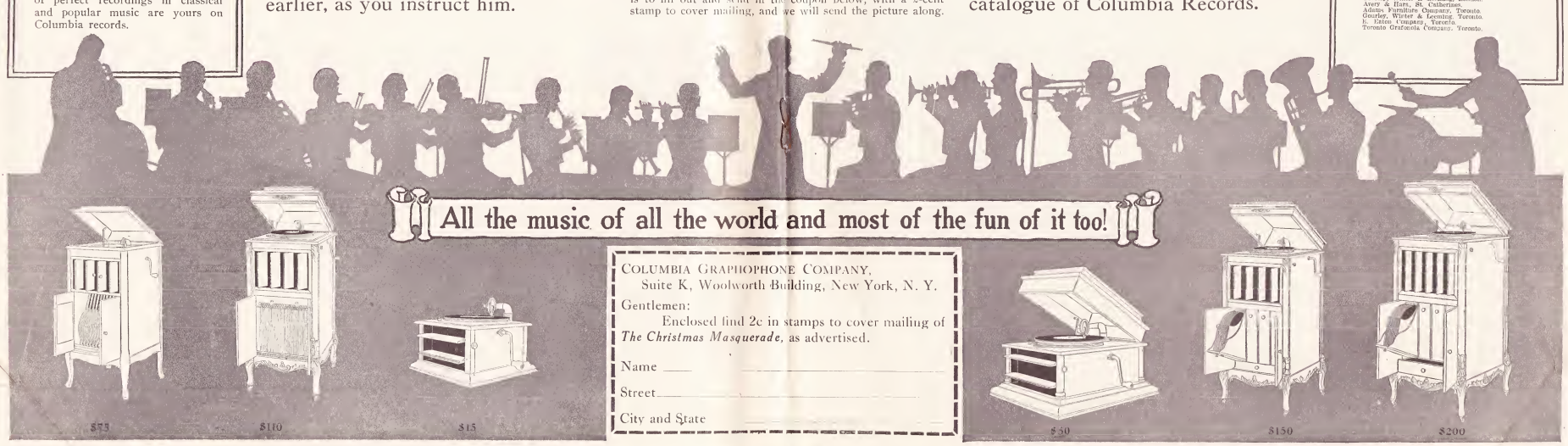

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Suite K, Woolworth Building, New York, N. Y.

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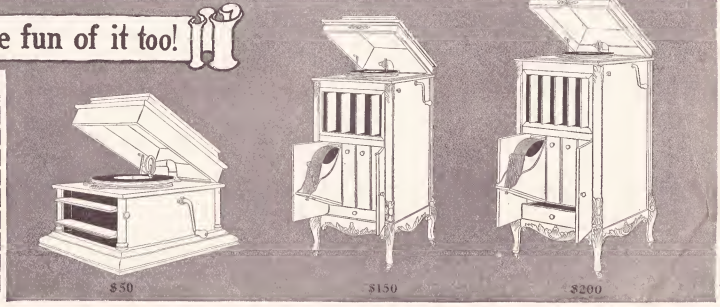

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Cabinet No. K3, complete with 19 tools, $15

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"The Recollection of QUALITY Remains Long After the PRICE is Forgotten."
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This unique and artistic design of a horse-shoe and horse-shoe nail makes a very handsome ring. The horse-shoe has a solid gold top, the nail is solid sterling silver set with a fine genuine garnet. The horse-shoe is considered an omen of good luck. The combination of the gold horse-shoe with a fine genuine garnet set in the bright silver nail makes a very pleasing and beautiful effect. This nobby ring will make a most appropriate and lasting holiday gift.

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Wear this ring for one week; show it to your jeweler; if not satisfied, we will refund money.
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FOOD DEPARTMENT

Fruits and Christmas Cookery

By Phoebe Burbank

THERE are holidays and holidays, but few, if any, are so universally observed as Christmas. Not alone in America, but all over the world this festival is considered the greatest of all. In different countries the actual celebration varies somewhat. Most foreigners place greater care in preparing for and enjoying the holiday season than do Americans—Italy, Germany, Russia, etc., entering more fully into the religious part as well as the social side of the entertainment which is always given, but the world over, it is a day of celebration in the home.

For the housewife, it is a season filled with many cares and duties, and Christmas for her may well be said to begin many wecks in advance, and to last until the New Year is well on its way, but with the many extra cares there is much joy mixed, for it is at this season that there is so often the family reunion that is impossible at any other time of the year.

Decorating the house, making plans for entertainments, the interchange of gifts are all part of the December household routine, but the principal duty is to prepare for the creature comforts of those near and dear to us so as to meet Old Christmas not only with a smiling face but also with a contented mind and a well filled pantry and in stoning the raisins, chopping the citron, beating the eggs and mixing the puddings and pies, the housewife is not reluctantly greeting the genial season of all good things.

Oatmeal Rocks

2 cups shortening	1 teaspoonful cloves
2 cups sugar	Salt to taste (½ teaspoonful)
2 beaten eggs	
2 cups flour	Water
4 teasp'nf'ls bak'g powd'r	1 cup raisins
2½ cups oatmeal	1 cup currants
2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon	1 cup nuts

Cream sugar and shortening, add eggs, flour and oatmeal, baking powder, spices and salt, and sufficient cold water to make batter that can be dropped from spoon. Last add floured fruit and nuts and drop in small spoonfuls on baking sheet and bake in hot oven.—Mrs. J. P., Muskegon, Mich.

Bohemian Plum Dumplings

4 large potatoes	1 egg
½ cup farina	Salt
1 cup flour	12 plums

Boil four large potatoes in their jackets, peel and let cool. When cold grate them onto a bread board, add ½ cup farina, 1 cup flour and rub all together between the hands. Then add 1 egg and salt and knead well.

Divide into twelve piece. Flatten each piece and place a washed blue plum in center, pinch edges well together, roll in flour so they are well dusted, drop in boiling water salted to taste, and boil for ten to fifteen minutes.

When done sprinkle with any of following: Grated cottage cheese and melted butter; grated ginger cookies and melted butter; cinnamon and sugar and melted butter; or just sugar and melted butter.

Cherries or peaches may be substituted for the plums, but plums are traditional in Bohemia. —Mrs. M. J., Chicago, Ill.

Peach Charlotte

½ box granulated gelatine	Whites of 2 eggs or ½ pint whipped cream
½ cup water	1 cup sugar
Juice of one lemon	Peaches

Dissolve gelatine in water, by first allowing to stand five minutes. Then place over boiling water. When partially cool add lemon juice and one or two cups sliced peaches. Allow to stand until it begins to harden. Then stir in briskly either the beaten whites of two eggs or ½ pint of whipped cream. Turn into mold first rinsed with cold water. When cold and firm, turn on a cold platter and serve with or without cream.—[No Name.]

Hawaiian Pineapple Sherbet

4 cups grated pineapple	Whites of 4 eggs
3 cups sugar	Juice of one grape fruit
2 quarts water	

Dissolve sugar in water, add fruit juice and pineapple, then the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Freeze immediately.—A. M. B., Chicago, Illinois.

Five Three's Ice

3 bananas cut fine	3 cups sugar
Juice of 3 oranges	3 pints milk
Juice of 3 lemons	

Have ingredients very cold before mixing and putting into freezer. Freeze in usual manner. —Mrs. O. E., Boone, Iowa.

Peach Ice Cream

1 pint peach juice	Small glass port wine
1 pint warm water	Small glass brandy
¼ cup gelatine	1 pint whipped cream

Sweeten to taste. Freeze.

To a pint of peach juice, add the warm water in which the gelatine has been dissolved. When cold, add the wine, brandy and sugar. Lastly add whipped cream and freeze.—Mrs. W. B., Waynesburg, Pa.

Fruit Pudding

1 cup chopped suet	1 cup milk
1 cup molasses	3 cups flour
1 teaspoonful soda	1 lb. seeded raisins
½ teaspoonful salt	1 lb. chopped figs
½ lb. currants	¼ lb. sliced citron
½ cup nut meats	1 teaspoonful vanilla
1 teaspoonful cinnamon	½ teaspoonful cloves
3 eggs	

Stir soda into molasses and pour over suet, add milk, then the three beaten eggs, and fruit, with which half of the flour has been mixed, then the balance of the flour. Mix thoroughly and steam three hours.

Sauce—Stir two tablespoons of flour into two tablespoonfuls of melted butter until smooth. Add a cup of boiling water and a cup of sugar. Cook two minutes, then add a teaspoon of vanilla.—Mrs. M. H., Burlington, Iowa.

Currant Jelly Foam

Whites of 3 eggs	1 diced banana
1 tumbler currant jelly	

Beat well the whites of the eggs, and add a tumbler of currant jelly and a diced banana. Serve in sherbet glasses and add a spoonful of whipped cream to each glass. A Maraschino cherry, citron strip or half of the meat of an English walnut laid lightly on the top add to the attractiveness of the dessert.—M. E. B., Redondo Beach, Calif.

Mock Plum Pudding

3 tablespoons butter	¼ teaspoonful cloves
½ cup molasses	¼ teaspoonful nutmeg
½ cup sour milk	½ teaspoonful cinnamon
1½ cups flour	¼ lb. chopped dates, floured
1 even teaspoonful soda	

Sift dry ingredients. Melt butter, add molasses and sour milk with soda stirred in it. Last put in floured chopped dates. Put into pound baking powder cans—half full—and steam one and a half hours.

Sauce

½ cup butter	2 tablespoonfuls cream
1 cup sugar	2 tablespoonfuls brandy (vanilla if preferred)

Beat all together and steam for fifteen minutes. The hard sauce can be used if preferred.—Mrs. M. R. A., Chicago, Ill.

French Tart

½ cup sugar	1 egg
3 tablespoonfuls melted butter	2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
½ cup milk	flour
¼ teaspoonful salt	Peaches

Grease well a deep round or square cake pan. Use sufficient flour to make thick batter. Pour into pan, cover thickly with sliced, canned peaches. Sprinkle with sugar, spice if desired, and bake in quick over about half an hour. Serve with cream or a good pudding sauce.—Mrs. L. B. G., Philadelphia, Pa.

Fruit Cake

2 cups flour	1 teaspoon cloves
1 cup sugar	3 tablespoons chocolate
2 teaspoons soda	1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 teaspoon cinnamon	½ grated nutmeg

Sift flour three times. Mix one cup of chopped walnuts and one cup of seeded raisins with dry ingredients; one-half cup of melted butter and 1½ cups, cold, unsweetened apple sauce.

Bake in slow oven about fifty minutes. (Place cake in oven, light double burner eight minutes, turn out for five minutes, light one burner and finish baking.)—A. G. S., St. Louis, Mo.

Christmas Pudding

1 lb. raisins (stoned)	¾ lbs. beef suet (chopped fine)
1 lb. currants (washed and picked)	6 eggs
½ lb. sultanas (washed and picked)	Milk (according to size of eggs)
½ lb. mixed peel (shredded)	Rind of one lemon (grated)
¼ lb. almonds (blanched chopped)	½ teaspoon salt
	1 teaspoon ginger
¾ lb. flour	1 teaspoon nutmeg
¼ lb. bread crumbs	1 teaspoon cloves
	1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Mix all the dry ingredients together. Then beat the eggs and milk, add them and stir well. Put into well-greased moulds or basins, cover with greased paper, tie a cloth over them and boil six hours, according to size. When the puddings are turned out, the appearance is improved by dredging them with castor sugar. If not needed at once, keep in a dry, cool place.

To blanch almonds: Throw into boiling water till skins loosen, then into cold to whiten, and leave moist.—Mrs. N. M., So. Boston, Mass.

Persian Fruit Cake

1 cup raisins	1 teaspoon cloves
1 cup dates, stoned and halved	1 teaspoon soda
	¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup water	1 teaspoon lemon extract
½ cup lard	
1 cup sugar	2 cups flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon	

Put all ingredients, excepting flour, soda and extract in an aluminum pan, and bring to a boil. Let boil a few minutes and cool until lukewarm. Then add soda, extract and flour last of all. Bake an hour in a moderate oven and ice with boiled icing.—Mrs. E. F.D., Rockford, Ill.

Iced Plum Pudding

1 pt. cream	¼ cup candied cherries
1½ heaping tablespoons gelatine	¼ cup Sultana raisins
2 tablespoons powdered sugar	
1 tablespoon brandy (or vanilla)	4 chopped figs
	8 chopped dates
¼ cup grated pineapple	

Whip cream until stiff, add sugar and brandy (or vanilla). Put in gelatine (already soaked in cold water then dissolved over hot water). Add chopped fruit. Wet a square mold with cold water and turn mixture into it, stirring occasionally as it is setting so fruit will be evenly distributed. When cold and firm, turn on platter and serve in slices, like brick ice cream.—Mrs. C. E. J., Chicago, Ill.

Ginger Pears

5 lbs. pears	Rind of two lemons
4 lbs. sugar	2 ounces preserved ginger
Juice of 4 lemons	

Dice pears, add sugar, juice of lemons, rind of lemons and ginger. Cook slowly until the pears are easily pierced with a silver fork. Drain out juice and cook to a thick syrup. Return pears, heat up altogether and put in jars.—J. E. L., Elkhart, Ind.

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Turkish Nougat

1 lb. almonds
1 lb. seeded raisins
½ lb. figs
¼ lb. candied cherries
¼ lb. candied pineapple
¼ lb. hickory nuts
¼ lb. English walnuts
2 lbs. c. sugar
½ cup water
1 cup heavy cream

Blanch almonds and toast almonds, hickory nuts and walnuts to a delicate brown. Cut figs into strips, cherries into halves and pineapple into dice. Dissolve sugar in water, add cream and boil without stirring until a soft ball is formed when tried in cold water. Remove from fire, let stand till lukewarm, then beat to a cream. Melt the cream by standing in boiling water, stirring constantly. Then add fruit, nuts, and vanilla. Pour on buttered plates and cut like fudge or knead and mold into wafers.—A. M. McM., Iowa City, Ia.

A Christmas Sweet

1 lb. Dromedary dates
½ lb. Brazil nuts
½ lb. almonds

Seed the dates and put nuts through a food-chopper. Fill seeded dates with the ground nuts press lightly together, then roll in pulverized sugar.—Mrs. T. C. B., Marion, O.

Fruit Conserve

1 lb. dates
½ lb. raisins
1 lb. figs
½ lb. Brazil nuts
¼ lb. almonds
4½ lbs. pecans

Put the above mixture through a meat chopper, and pack in tumblers or moulds, and keep in cool place.

This may be made into balls and dipped in chocolate, or cut in blocks, or slices, and put between bread and butter sandwiches to serve in place of cake.—Mrs. L. L., Herrin, Ill.

Cranberry Sauce

3 quarts cranberries
½ lb. chopped raisins
3 pints sugar
3 oranges
1 cup English walnut meats

Cook cranberries a short time in water—until they are soft. Remove rind of the oranges with a knife and chop medium fine. Then add the oranges chopped (removing tough part). To this add the sugar and raisins. Cook altogether.

When almost done, add the walnut meats. The walnut meats can be left out if desired.

This same recipe can be used for plums, grapes, currants, cherries—in fact almost any favorite fruit.—Miss N. M. S., St. Albans, Vt.

Apple Sauce Cake

1 cup sugar
⅓ cup butter
1 egg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon ground cloves or allspice
1½ cups apple sauce
1 teaspoon soda
1 cup raisins and ground nuts
1 teaspoon bak'g powd'r
Flour

Mix the sugar, butter, egg, cinnamon, cloves or allspice, apple sauce (in which has been dissolved one teaspoon soda), raisins and nuts, baking powder and flour together. Use flour enough to make a rather stiff batter. Bake in layers or loaf. Any good filling can be used.—Mrs. W. E. M., Farmington, Mo.

Raisin Spice Cake

1 cup sugar
½ cup butter (scant)
½ cup sour milk
2 cups flour
2 eggs
Little nutmeg
1 cup chopped raisins
1 tablespoon molasses
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon bak'g powd'r
1 teaspoon soda (dissolved in a very little water)

Bake quickly. This cake should keep for weeks. Cream sugar and butter, add beaten eggs, then sour milk and spices and molasses, then soda, raisins with the flour.—Mrs. S. P., Ottawa, Ill.

Devil's Food Cake with Date Filling

2 squares chocolate
½ cup light brown sugar
½ cup milk
Cook the above until thick
1 cup light brown sugar
½ cup butter
2 yolks eggs
½ cup milk
1½ cups flour
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon soda

Cream together the sugar and butter, add eggs, milk, soda mixed with flour and vanilla, also the cooked chocolate, sugar and milk. Fold in last the beaten whites of two eggs.

Filling

1 lb. dates, cut up fine
2 heaping tablespoons sugar
1¼ cups boiling water
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Cook until thick and spread between layers while hot.—A. M. C., DeKalb, Ill.

Southern Ginger Bread

1 cup molasses
1 cup sugar (white or brown)
1 cup lard
1 cup sour milk
2 eggs
½ lb. seeded raisins
Flour
Soda
1 tablespoon ginger
1 dessert spoon ground cloves
1 dessert spoon allspice
1 dessert spoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon salt

Use enough flour to make a moderately stiff cake batter, in which has been sifted the ginger, cloves, allspice, cinnamon and salt. Beat flour in good and last of all dissolve two teaspoons of soda in a little sour milk. Stir in batter good and bake in common bread pan in moderate oven for 45 minutes.—Mrs. C. M. S., Weston, West Va.

Grape Fruit Sherbet

2 cups grape fruit juice
2 cups sugar
1 cup pineapple juice
2 cups water
Juice of one lemon
Whites 2 eggs beaten

To the strained fruit juices add water and sugar, stirring until sugar is dissolved, or sugar and water may be boiled five minutes, allowing it to become thoroughly cold before adding juices of the fruits. Then add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and freeze at once. If a light, velvety sherbet is desired, use three egg whites. This recipe will make nearly a gallon of sherbet.—H. H. H., Battle Creek, Mich.

Strawberry Sherbet

2 cups sugar
½ cup hot water
1 cup ice water
1 box berries
1 lemon
1 egg white

Boil sugar and hot water three minutes without stirring. Cool and add crushed berries and juice of the lemon. Then add the cold water and freeze. When partly frozen, add the stiffly beaten whites of the egg and finish freezing.—J. G., Philadelphia, Pa.

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(Continued from Page 591)

"Pottin' nothin'," Jemmy remarked blandly. "Don't worrit your 'ead tyke. Shoot away and don't get anxious—you won't hit nothin'."

Then, with a low squeal, his voice changed. "My sweater! my new gray sweater! I lef' it on the bloomin' Dutchy. I'm goin' back——"

A hand held him. "You stay in this shorp. You're sodgering now and the party's over," advised one who knew, and Jemmy resigned himself.

That afternoon there was what the newspapers call "a certain liveliness" along a part of the first trenches. The liveliness developed, till suddenly the men found themselves, supported by guns back somewhere whose shells screamed overhead, scrambling from the earthworks and dashing, in the bright winter sunlight across the open space towards the enemy. A hoarse command—it was bayonet work—and they were there, at the German lines, closing, fighting.

The Yorkshireman caught his foot in something, fell, and his face as he went down was scratched by sharp branches; a shot whistled where his head had been a second back. He lay a moment, hidden under a mask of green stuff tricked with tinsel, with broken ends of red and white tissue paper.

"I'm darned if t' little tree didn't trip me oop t' save me," he muttered picking himself up.

The trench was won; the English regiment was coming from its skirmish beyond to occupy it; Jemmy, unhurt, stopped short as he saw a German soldier at his feet. The helmet had rolled off the blond, curly head, the uniform coat was torn open and under it Jemmy's eyes caught sight of something gray and knitted—his sweater. He knelt and put his hand on the heart—the heart of laughing Hans. Hans was through with laughter for this world.

"We didn't want to kill you, son—honest we didn't," Jemmy spoke aloud; and, kneeling so on the battlefield, he sent, somewhere, as real a prayer as is often prayed.

"Aw Gawd," urged Jemmy, "if you're able to handle this bloomin' war, for Gawd's sake do. Wot in 'ell does we want to go pottin' each other for? Why, I liked this chap, Gawd. It's them kings and politicians that's makin' this blarsted mess. A plyce in the sun! Look at him, Gawd. Look at Hans. He's got his plyce—in the sun."

There was a choking sob in the last words. Jemmy's smoke-blackened hands went over his face. "'Elp us all, Gawd—us common people. Please, sir. Amen."

A tear fell on Hans lying quiet, fell on the gray sweater. Then Jemmy sprang up and rubbed his eyes savagely. "I'm a fool" he muttered. He bent and caught the lifeless fingers.

"Good-bye, son," he spoke, "Good luck t' you. I said you got t' give it back, but you ain't. Keep the bloomin' thing, son, for—for Christmas."

Snatching up his rifle, Jemmy was running lightly across the battlefield.

Country Town Sayings

By Ed. Howe of Atchison

A MAN carrying a little valise, or a woman carrying a big one, is always funny.

When a man prospers, his wife hires a girl to do the cooking, and he doesn't fare as well as he did when they were poorer.

When two men fight to a finish, and both are badly punished, their quarrel is usually settled for good.

Few men are able to look themselves over, and give their faults a fair hearing.

A man can't afford marriage on twelve dollars or so a week; but plenty of girls will try it with him.

Nothing pleases people more than to see a worthless boy "make a man" of himself.

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A Woman to the Rescue

UNCLE SAM doesn't mind giving certificates of efficiency for Mine Rescue work to women, but only one woman has ever been granted any. She is Miss Ethel Armes, authority on coal and iron, journalist, author of *History of Coal and Iron in Alabama,* and prominent social student of Birmingham, Alabama.

Miss Armes now has the same credentials to enter a mine after a disastrous explosion to rescue the bodies that the Rescue corps must have. Owing to the great danger to those going below after such a catastrophe, Government certificates are required for every person who would go in the mines at that time. This only applies to coal mines. To obtain these certificates, the applicant has to undergo a rigid course of instruction at a Federal Mine Rescue Station, wearing helmets heavier than those protecting divers and to learn how to carry bodies. Many heavy tasks, requiring great physical exertion, are necessary for them to become proficient in rescuing dead or injured people and they have to become familiar with the handling of oxygen tanks, as well.

Miss Ethel Armes

In thecourse of her journalistic work as a coal and iron historian, Miss Armes wanted to learn this phase of the Mine Rescue work from an actual labor standpoint. She made the course, was recommended for a certificate from the West End Rescue station in Birmingham, and now wears one of the coveted enamel pins denoting membership.

Miss Armes began her career as a reporter in Washington and going to Alabama became fascinated with the romances buried in the ebony lined slopes and red tinted hills that girdle Birmingham. Since her first ventures into the mineral field, she has, among other things, moved a gigantic slag pile from one section of the city to another. Of course she didn't actually move it herself, but her writings in the press caused the City commissioners to order the slag pile, which was blocking one of the thoroughfares, to be removed.

Other reforms, such as the abatement of the Smoke Nuisance, higher wages for miners, better living cottages for those around the industries, and numerous other sociological movements have been and are being fostered by this young woman who is regarded as the foremost woman journalist in Alabama.

An Alaskan Pioneer Woman

ONE of the most interesting, as well as the best known women on the Pacific coast is Mrs. Mary E. Hart, who, while she proudly claims Alaska as her home, is a Californian by birth and in San Francisco maintains her winter home. Mrs. Hart is a lecturer of note, who uses her pen equally well, and has had the vice-presidency of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Club. In 1893 she was in charge of the California State Historical Exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair and later went on to the Buffalo Pan-American and was special Alaskan Commissioner to the St. Louis and Seattle Expositions. It is through her untiring efforts that the various Alaskan Exhibits shown at the fairs and by the Government have been gotten together.

Mrs. Hart has spent fifteen years in Alaska doing work for the Department of the Interior and trying to better the conditions of women, and has organized a flourishing woman's club in every Alaskan settlement where there are more than a dozen women.

Sinrock Mary, Alaska's richest Indian woman is, so Mrs. Hart laughingly declares, her most intimate friend. Sinrock Mary is rich in Alaskan reindeer, the greatest riches an Indian can have, having more than 10,000 of them, and when her first husband died some years ago she decided to take a young brave, twenty years her junior, called Anoak. Mrs. Hart was asked for the story of this Alaskan woman millionaire by an American publication and by dint of persuasion and a good kodak got photos of the bride and bridegroom. In reproducing the photos the publication framed them with a lot of small Cupids and then printed the story as sent by Mrs. Hart. In some way or other the paper reached Mary through the agency of the Holy Cross mission, and one day with the clipping in hand she accosted Mrs. Hart and, dramatically waving it, produced a vicious looking implement of war, loudly demanding:

"What for; Anoak and me no fat babies. Me kill you."

Mrs. Hart, divining that Mary imagined she had taken the babies with the camera picture, and knowing the ways of the Alaskan Indians, dodged behind a chair, and in Indian jargon said:

"It's not babies, Mary. It's the little love gods put there to bring good luck and happiness and reindeer to you and Anoak."

Mary was appeased and has since carried the clipping in a small reindeer bag around her neck.

During the years in Alaska Mrs. Hart has helped establish various schools, missions and churches, and to introduce more sanitary living into the Indian huts.

Mrs. Mary Hart

Mistress of Domestic Science

MISS MAUDE SMITH, teacher of and lecturer upon, domestic science at Public School 119, New York, is one of the youngest and best known members of her profession. Long before she was twenty, she had graduated from a Brooklyn training college and started what she considers her life work. From the beginning, she demonstrated and lectured for the benefit of girls only a few years her junior, and so successful was she that her rank and salary were steadily advanced. Miss Smith, who is a daughter of a prominent fur merchant of Plattsburg, N. Y., is of French-Irish lineage, and is a natural home-maker. Long before she entered college, she knew by practical experience all that there is to know about housekeeping, food values, cookery, and the training of servants.

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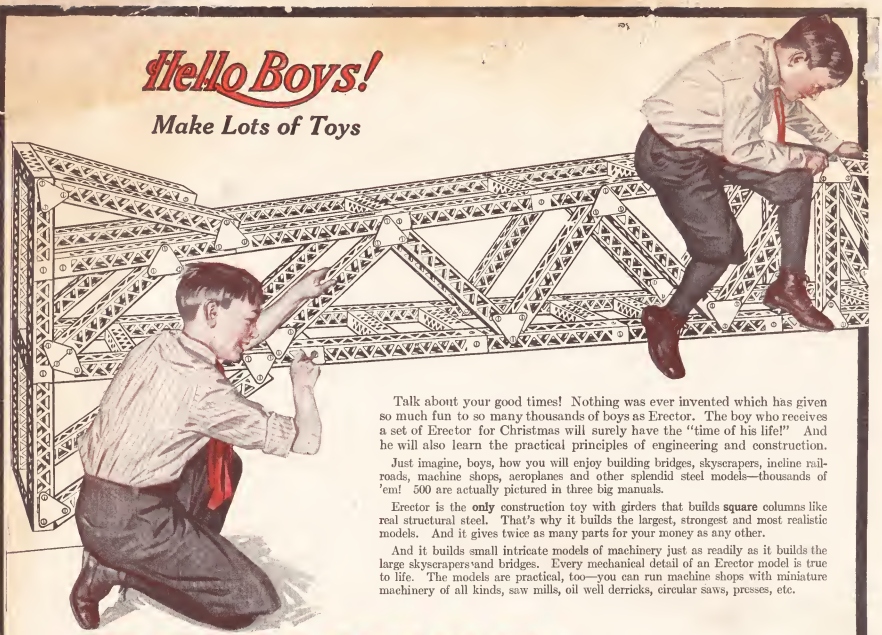

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